

"Oh, he built a big hotel, got a big farm, and plastered his money around without any business judgment; but he had such a stack of gold that he couldn't fool it away, and probably has an odd million or two left yet. No, boys, I don't pretend to say that luck is a chief factor in mining, but I'd rather have a heap of luck than a heap of sense without luck."—*Ex.*

A RETAILER ON HOUSE SALESMEN.

Said a retailer to us a short time ago, in speaking of a wholesale grocery house, "There is but one salesman in that store that can sell me a bill of goods; if he cannot wait upon me I prefer to buy elsewhere." This was getting the thing down to so fine a point that we questioned the speaker as to his reasons for this severe discrimination, and what he said may be of value to those who need the criticism. "In the first place," he continued, "I like to trade with a person who does not show by every action that he feels himself better than I am; and I like to trade with a man who has been a 'drummer' on the road. They are the boys who know how to treat a customer and make one feel at home in the store; I hold that those young chaps who are found in so many jobbing houses, and whose experience is limited thereto, do not know how to sell a bill of goods. In the first place they are so swelled with self-conceit and the importance of their position that they are positively disagreeable. To use plain language, they are badly affected with the big head. Their pointed shoes and choker collars cannot make up for their sad deficiency of tact. Now, I will tell you what I'd like to see done. I would like to have the proprietor of every wholesale house send these knowing young clerks upon a three months' trip on the road. Give them a grip-sack and send them out to the tender mercies of the world. Even if they do not pay expenses, it would be a good paying investment to the bosses, for these young clerks would come back with such a heap of knowledge and experience as would be very apt to make them quite decent fellows in the future. But just so long as they have a desk in the store, and wait upon a customer just as though they were granting a great favor, I have no use for them. Before the days of 'drummers,' jobbing-houses kept good salesmen in their stores, but latterly they have

neglected this factor, and seem to feel that anyone is good enough to wait upon a customer who comes to the city to buy. I would rather buy from a 'drummer' any time, if I could only have a chance to examine goods, than go to the city and have set upon me these embryotic Stowarts and Claffins, who never saw a cross-roads country store. Retailers are often invited by jobbers to visit them at their stores, and this is all well enough; but have experienced men to wait on them, or the effect may not be what was expected. I know the 'drummer' has much to answer for, but he knows how to sell goods without giving offence."—*St. Louis Grocer.*

A PAWNBROKER'S TRICK.

I have also heard of a trick in vogue among a certain class, which it is well to know. It is peculiarly a pawnbrokers' trick. A pawnbroker accumulates, through his own forfeited stuff and sales of unredeemed pledges, a bushel—more or less—of watches, each of which is worth from 75 cents to \$8. Then he goes to work and puts them all on his shelf as pledges, making out pawn tickets for them bearing fictitious names and purporting to represent loans of from \$5 to \$15. He also registers the pretended loans on his books just as if they were legitimate transactions. One by one those tickets are lost. He slyly drops one in a bar room. His wife, when unobserved in a horse car, lets one flutter down to the matting. His clerk goes through a hotel entrance and one is left on the floor behind him. Of course, each ticket is picked up by somebody, and human nature is, on the general average, so weak that the finder is most apt to say to himself: "Hello! here's luck! Some poor devil has lost this, but I don't know who, and couldn't return it if I would. Up the spout for \$10, eh? Well then, it must be worth \$20 or \$25 anyway, for pawnbrokers never give more than one-half and generally only one quarter of the real value on anything. The watch isn't mine but I might just as well have it as that blood-sucker of a pawnbroker. I'll go and get it out." So he does. The pawnbroker, as is the uniform custom, takes the money along with the ticket offered for redemption. Then he goes to the shelf, takes down a package done up in paper and strings

bearing the number of the ticket, and hands it over. The man does not stand around there to examine his prize. How does he know but the loser of the ticket may come in at any moment to give notification of his loss and stop delivery of the watch? He hurries away to the nearest beer shop, nervously tears off the papers and then proceeds to paint the atmosphere blue with his observations. Of course he cannot have any redress. He can't kick on a transaction the basis of which is his endeavor to obtain a wrongful possession of another man's watch. Besides what could he prove anyway, but that the pawnbroker's judgment in the valuation of pledges was sometimes bad or his liberality in loans spasmodically surprising?—*N. Y. cor. Manufacturing Jeweler.*

THE NUMBERS ON A WATCH FACE.

A group of travelling men were gathered about a stove in a hotel office the other evening, when one of them startled his fellows by saying: "I do not believe that one of you can tell what kind of numerals are on the face of your watch, and if you can I will bet the cigars for the party that not a man here can write them down as they are on his watch."

"I'll take the bet," said one who prided himself on his qualities of observation. "I look at my watch at least ten times a day, and I know I can do it."

"All right—begin," remarked he who had made the proposition.

"Do you want them in a circle?"

"No. Along a line will do."

"Well here goes," and he began putting down I, II, III, until he got to four, where he hesitated. First he put down IV, and then, glancing at the clock in the room, changed it to IIII, and proceeding wrote V, VI, VII, VIII, IX, X, XI, XII.

"There!" he said exultingly, "I think I have won the cigars for the crowd."

"I will just bet you the drinks you haven't," replied the other.

"Well, I will go on," at the same time pulling out his watch.

"Well, show me VI on your watch, and I will settle for everything," remarked he who made the proposition.

All crowded around and gave the smart man the laugh, and he then and there resolved never again to bet on a man's own game.—*Ex.*